

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

NUMBER 10.

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER X.

DORMITORY LIFE.

Aspasia, dark, gloomy night thrice prayed for came.
—Hom.

For a few days after the Sunday walk narrated in the last chapter, Upton and Eric cut each other dead. Upton was angry at Eric's declining the honor of his company, and Eric was piqued at Upton's unreasonableness. In the "taking up" system, such quarrels were of frequent occurrence, and as the existence of a misunderstanding was generally indicated in this very public way, the variations of good will between such friends generally excited no little notice and amusement among the other boys. But both Upton and Eric were too sensible to carry their differences so far as others similarly circumstanced; each thoroughly enjoyed the other's company, and they generally seized an early opportunity for effecting a reconciliation, which united them more firmly than ever.

As soon as Eric had got over his little pique, he made the first advances, by writing a note to Upton, which he slipped under his study door, and which ran as follows:

"DEAR HORACE—Don't let us quarrel about nothing. Silly fellow, why should you be angry with me because for once I wanted to go a walk with Russell, who, by the by, is twice as good a fellow as you! I shall expect you to make it up directly after prayers. Yours, if you are not silly." E. W."

The consequence was, that as they came out from prayers, Upton seized Eric's hand, and slapped him on the back, after which they had a good laugh over their own foolish fracas, and ran up stairs, chattering merrily.

"There's to be an awful lark in the dormitories to-night," said Eric; "the Doctor's gone to a dinner-party, and we're going to have no end of fun."

"Are you? Well, if it gets amusing, come to my study and tell me, and I'll come and look on."

"Very well; depend upon it I'll come." And they parted at the foot of the study stairs.

It was Mr. Ross's night of duty. He walked slowly up and down the range of dormitories until every boy seemed ready to get into bed, and then he put out all the candles. So long as he was present, the boys observed the utmost quiet and decorum. All continued quite orderly until he had passed away through the lavatory, and one of the boys, following him as a scout, had seen the last glimmer of his candle disappear round the corner at the foot of the great staircase, and heard the library door close behind him.

After that, particularly as Dr. Rowlands was absent, the boys knew that they were safe from disturbance, and the occupants of No. 7 were the first to stir.

"Now for some fun," said Duncan, starting up, and by way of initiative, pitching his pillow at Eric's head.

"I'll pay you out for that when I'm ready," said Eric, laughing; "but give us a match first."

Duncan produced some vestas, and no sooner had they lighted their candle, than several of the dormitory doors began to be thrown open, and one after another all requested a light, which Duncan and Eric conveyed to them in a sort of emulous lampadephoria, so that at length all the twelve dormitories had their scouces lit, and the boys began all sorts of amusement, some in their night-shirts, and others with their trousers slipped on. Leap-frog was the prevalent game for a time, but at last Graham suggested theatricals, and they were agreed on.

"But we're making a regular knock-me-down shindy," said Llewellyn; "somebody must keep cavé."

"Oh, old Rose is safe enough at his Hebrew in the library; no fear of disturbing him if we were dancing hippopotami," answered Graham.

But it was generally considered safe to put some one at the top of the stairs, in case of an unexpected diversion in that direction, and little Wright consented to go first. He had only to leave the lavatory door open, and stand at the top of the staircase and he then commanded for a great distance the only avenue in which danger was expected. If any master's candle appeared in the hall, the boys had full three minutes' warning, and a single loudly whispered "cavé" would cause some one in each dormitory instantly to "douse the glim," and shut the door; so that by the time of the adversary's arrival they would all be (of course) fast asleep in bed, some of them snoring in an alarming manner. Whatever noise the master might have heard, it would be impossible to fix it on any of the sleepers.

So at the top of the stairs stood little Wright, shoeless, and shivering in his night-gown, keenly entering into the fun, and not unconscious of the dignity of his position. Meanwhile the rest were getting up a scenic representation of Bombastes Furioso, arranging a stage, piling a lot of beds together for a theatre, and dressing up the actors in the most fantastic apparel.

The impromptu Bombastes excited universal applause, and just at the end Wright ran in through the lavatory.

"I say," said the little fellow, "it's jolly cold standing at the top of the stairs. Won't some one relieve guard?"

"Oh, I will," answered Eric, good-naturedly; "it's a shame that one fellow should have all the bother and none of the fun;" and he ran to take Wright's post.

After watching a minute or two, he felt sure that there was no danger, and therefore ran up to Upton's study for a change.

"Well, what's up?" said the study-boy, approvingly, as he glanced at Eric's laughing eyes.

"Oh, we've been having leap-frog, and then Bombastes Furioso. But I'm keeping 'cavé' now; only it's so cold that I thought I'd run up to your study."

"Little traitor; we'll shoot you for a deserting sentinel."

"Oh no!" said Eric, "it's all serene; Rowley's out, and dear old Ross'd never dream of supposing us elsewhere than in the arms of Morpheus. Besides, the fellows are making less row now."

"Well! look here! let's go and look on, and I'll tell you a dodge; put one of the tin washing-basins against the iron door of the lavatory, and then if any one comes he'll make clang enough to wake the dead; and while he's amusing himself with this, there'll be lots of time to 'extinguish the superfluous abundance of the nocturnal illuminators.' Eh?"

"Capital!" said Eric; "come along."

They went down and arranged the signal very artistically, leaving the iron door ajar a little, and then neatly poising the large tin basin on its edge, so as to lean against it. Having extremely enjoyed this part of the proceedings, they went to look at the theatricals again, the boys being highly delighted at Upton's appearance among them.

They at once made Eric take a part in some very distant reminiscences of Macbeth, and corked his cheeks with whiskers and mustachios to make him resemble Banquo, his costume being completed by a girdle round his night-shirt, consisting of a very fine crimson silk handkerchief, richly broidered with gold which had been brought to him from India, and which at first, in the innocence of his heart, he used to wear on Sundays, until it acquired the soubriquet of "the Dragon." Duncan made a superb Macbeth.

They were doing the dagger-scene, which was put on the stage in a most novel manner. A sheet had been pinned from the top of the room, on one side of which stood a boy with a broken dinner knife, the handle end of which he was pushing through a hole in the middle of the sheet at the shadow of Duncan on the other side.

Duncan himself, in an attitude of intensely affected melodrama, was spouting—

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?
The handle towards me now? come, let me clutch thee?"

And he snatched convulsively at the handle of the protruded knife; but as soon as he nearly touched it, this end was immediately withdrawn and the blade end substituted, which made the comic Macbeth instantly draw back again, and recommence his apostrophe. This scene had tickled the audience immensely, and Duncan, amid shouts of laughter, was just drawing the somewhat unwarrantable conclusion that it was

"A dagger of the mind, a false creation,"
when a sudden grating, followed by a reverberate clang, produced a dead silence.

"Cavé," shouted Eric, who took a flying leap into his bed. Instantly there was a bolt in different directions; the sheet was torn down, the candles dashed out, the beds shoved aside, and the dormi-

tories at once plunged in profound silence, only broken by the heavy breathing of sleepers, when it strode—not Mr. Rose or any of the under-masters—but Dr. Rowlands himself!

He stood for a moment to survey the scene. All the dormitory doors were wide open; the sheet which had formed the stage curtain lay torn on the floor of No. 7; the beds in all the adjoining rooms were in the strangest positions; and half-extinguished wicks still smouldered in several of the sconces. Every boy was in bed, but the extraordinary way in which the bed-clothes were huddled about told an unmistakable tale.

He glanced quickly round, but the moment he had passed into No. 8, he heard a run, and, turning, just caught sight of Upton's figure vanishing into the darkness of the lavatory, towards the study stairs.

He said not a word, but stalked hastily through all the dormitories, again stopping at No. 7, on his return. He heard nothing but the deep snores of Duncan, and instantly fixed on him as a chief culprit.

"Duncan!"

No reply; but calm stentorous music from Duncan's bed.

"Duncan!" he said, still louder and more sternly, "you sleep soundly, sir, too soundly; get up directly," and he laid his hand on the boy's arm.

"Get away, you old donkey," said Duncan, sleepily, "taint time to get up yet. First bell hasn't rung."

"Come, sir, this shamming will only increase your punishment;" but the imperturbable Duncan stretched himself lazily, gave a great yawn, and then awoke with such an admirably-feigned start at seeing Dr. Rowlands, that Eric, who had been peeping at the scene from over his bed-clothes, burst into an irresistible explosion of laughter.

Dr. Rowlands swung round on his heel—"What! Williams! get out of bed, sir, this instant."

Eric, forgetful of his disguise, sheepishly obeyed; but when he stood on the floor, he looked so odd in his crimson girdle and corked cheeks, with Dr. Rowlands surveying him in intense astonishment, that the scene became overpoweringly ludicrous to Duncan, who now in his turn was convulsed with a storm of laughter, faintly echoed in stifled titterings from other beds.

"Very good," said Dr. Rowlands, now thoroughly angry; "you will hear of this to-morrow;" and he walked away with a heavy step, stopping at the lavatory door to restore the tin basin to its proper place, and then mounting to the studies.

Standing in the passage into which the studies opened, he knocked at one of the doors, and told a boy to summon all their occupants at once to the library.

Meanwhile the dormitory boys were aghast, and as soon as they heard the Doctor's retreating foot-steps, began flocking in the dark to No. 7, not daring to re-light their candles.

"Good gracious!" said Attlay, "only to think of Rowley appearing! How could he have twigged?"

"He must have seen our lights in the window as he came home," said Eric.

"I say, what a row that tin-basin dodge of yours made? What a rage the Doctor will be in to-morrow!"

"Won't you just catch it!" said Barker to Duncan, but intending the remark for Eric.

"Just like your mean chaff," retorted Duncan. "But I say, Williams," he continued, laughing, "you did look so funny in the whiskers."

At this juncture they heard all the study-boys running down stairs to the library and, lost in conjecture, retired to their different rooms.

"What do you think he'll do to us?" asked Eric.

"I don't know," said Duncan uneasily; "flog us for one thing, that's certain. I'm so sorry about

that basin, Eric; but it's no good fretting. We've had our cake, and now we must pay for it, that's all."

Eric's cogitations began to be unpleasant, when the door opened, and somebody stole noiselessly in.

"Who's there?"

"Upton. I've come to have a chat. The Doctor's like a turkey-cock in sight of a red handkerchief. Never saw him in such a rage."

"Why, what's he been saying?" asked Eric, as Upton came and took a seat on his bed.

"Oh! he's been rowing us like six o'clock," said Upton, "about 'moral responsibility,' 'abetting the follies of children,' 'forgetting our position in the school,' and I don't know what all; and he ended by asking who'd been in the dormitories. Of course, I confessed the soft impeachment, whereon he snorted, 'Ha! I suspected so. Very well, sir, you don't know how to use a study; you shall be deprived of it till the end of term.'"

"Did he really, Horace?" said Eric. "And it's all my doing that you've got into the scrape. Do forgive me."

"Bosh! My dear fellow," said Upton, "it's twice as much my fault as yours; and, after all, it was only a bit of fun. It's rather a bore losing the study, certainly; but never mind, we shall see all the more of each other. Good-night; I must be off."

Next morning, prayers were no sooner over than Dr. Rowlands said to the boys, "Stop! I have a word to say to you."

"I find that there was the utmost disorder in the dormitories yesterday evening. All the candles were relighted at forbidden hours, and the noise made was so great that it was heard through the whole building. I am grieved that I cannot leave you, even for a few hours, without your taking such advantage of my absence; and that the upper boys, so far from using their influence to prevent these infractions of discipline, seem inclined rather to join in them themselves. On this occasion I have punished Upton, by depriving him of a privilege which he has abused; and as I myself detected Duncan and Williams, they will be flogged in the library at twelve. But I now come to the worst part of the proceeding. Somebody had been reckless enough to try and prevent surprise by the dangerous expedient of putting a tin basin against the iron door. The consequence was, that I was severely hurt, and might have been seriously injured in entering the lavatory. I must know the name of the delinquent."

Upton and Eric immediately stood up. Dr. Rowlands looked surprised, and there was an expression of griefed interest in Mr. Rose's face.

"Very well," said the Doctor, "I shall speak to you both privately."

Twelve o'clock came, and Duncan and Eric received a severe caning. Corporal punishment, however necessary and desirable for some dispositions, always produced on Eric the worst effects. He burned not with remorse or regret, but with shame and violent indignation, and listened, with a glare in his eye, to Dr. Rowlands' warnings. When the flogging was over, he almost rushed out of the room, to choke in solitude his sense of humiliation, nor would he suffer any one for an instant to allude to his disgrace. Dr. Rowlands had hinted that Upton was doing him no good; but he passionately resented the suggestion, and determined, with obstinate perversity, to cling more than ever to the boy whom he had helped to involve in the same trouble with himself.

Any attempt on the part of masters to interfere in the friendships of boys is usually unsuccessful. The boy who has been warned against his new acquaintance not seldom repeats to him the fact that Mr. So-and-so doesn't like seeing them together and after that they fancy themselves bound in honor to show that they are not afraid of continu-

ing their connection. It was not strange, therefore, that Eric and Upton were thrown more than ever into each other's society, and consequently that Eric, while he improved daily in strength, activity, and prowess, neglected more and more his school duties and honorable ambitions.

Mr. Rose sadly remarked the failure of promise in his character and abilities, and did all that could be done, by gentle firmness and unwavering kindness, to recall his pupil to a sense of duty. One night he sat for him to supper, and invited no one else. During the evening he drew out Eric's exercise, and compared it with those of Russell and Owen, who were now getting easily ahead of him in marks. Eric's was careless, hurried, and untidy; the other two were neat, spirited, and painstaking, and had, therefore, been marked much higher. They displayed all the difference between conscientious and perfunctory work.

"Your exercises used to be far better—even incomparably better," said Mr. Rose; "what is the cause of this falling off?"

Eric was silent.

Mr. Rose laid his hand gently on his head. "I fear, my boy, you have not been improving lately. You have got into many scrapes, and are letting boys beat you in form who are far your inferiors in ability. That is a very bad sign, Eric; in itself it is a discouraging fact, but I fear it indicates worse evils. You are wasting the golden hours, my boy, that can never return. I only hope and trust that no other change for the worse is taking place in your character."

And so he talked on till the boy's sorrow was undisguised. "Come," he said gently, "let us kneel down together before we part."

Boy and master knelt down humbly side by side, and, from a full heart, the young man poured out his fervent petitions for the child beside him. Eric's soul seemed to catch a glow from his words, and he loved him as a brother. He rose from his knees full of the strongest resolutions, and earnestly promised amendment for the future.

But poor Eric did not yet know his own infirmity. For a time, indeed, there was a marked improvement; but daily life flowed on with its usual allurements, and when the hours of temptation came, his good intentions melted away like the morning dew, so that, in a few more weeks the prayer, and the vows that followed it, had been obliterated from his memory without leaving any traces in his life.

It is related, that as some friends of Campbell, the author of *Hohenlinden*, were leaving his room after a late supper, one of them had the misfortune to fall down a long flight of stairs. The poet, alarmed by the noise, opened the door, and inquired:

"What's that?"

"'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly," was the prompt reply of his fallen friend.

It was Protestantism that introduced among people professing to be Christians the doctrine that marriage is dissoluble, and thus laid the foundation for the infamous marriage and divorce laws. The law is anti-Catholic, and grossly immoral, and is rapidly breaking up the family and endangering the very existence of society.

"JOHNNY, where is your pa?" "Gone fishing, sir." "He was fishing yesterday, was he not?" "Yes, sir." "What did he catch?" "One catfish, the rheumatism, two eels, the toothache, and some little ones. Ma says he will catch fits to-day; just wait till he gets home."

"HAVE I not a right to be saucy, if I please?" asked a young lady of an old bachelor.

"Yes, if you please, but not if you displease," was the answer.

Second Lecture of Clem Toots.

BY G.

"THE OVER-EXACT MAN."

[So much has been said about Fifteenth Amendments, that we have allowed space for a small portion of Clem's lectures, though we always prefer to have good sense—which will be found in Clem's productions—joined with good orthography, which of course must be lacking in order to give his pronunciation.]

Intelligent Friends:—I'm a-goin to plunge into my subjekc to-night jest like a frightened frog ker-splash into a muddy mill-pond.

"Dere is a class of men who is noosences in de fust degree. Dey must hab a down-right char certainty ob ebertying, oderwise dere souls pine away until dey become de shadder ob a shade.

Fur instance, widelicet, dat is to say, namely, one ob dem begins to tell a antidote about suffia' dat happened some time or oder, somewhar or oder, an' so forth, an' so he says: "It was in de reign ob Pompey—let me see, *was* it in de reign ob Pompey—no, it was in de time ob Charleymagney,—wait,—Charleymagney? wasn't it durin' de government ob Jules Cesah?—humph! O now I got him,—durin' de reign ob Queen Wictory." You is listenin' contemptively all de time, but de best manners in de world can't keep you from feelin' like yawnin'. Den he goes on: "Dere lived a poet named Homiah,—no, I guess I'm wrong, Heshud,—and yit it wan't Heshud needer,—Milton,—pshaw! he lived in de time ob—in de time ob—deah, deah! well its no mattah, it wasn't *him* enyhow,—was it Thompson, or Johnson, or Bloggs?—Oh, yis, Tinnyson, dat's de man." Ob course you pretends to be despity interested, while all de time you is wishin' dat de fellow was diggin' for potaters at de Norf Pole, at twenty-five cents a day, and find hisself. Den he continues: "Dis poet says in his poem on—on—on Enoch Arnold,—wait a minute,—was it Enoch Arnold dough?—let me see,—it might ha' bin Benedick Arnold, but it wasn't,—no, it was Enoch shuah,—still de name aint quite Arnold,—but nebber mind,—he said, says he,—he said—well, it was a good ting enyhow, dough I done jest forgit it at de present moment."

Now, wouldn't it ha' been bettah for dat individual to hab said right off: "Dere was a poet named Jackson dat libbed in de time ob ole Machusla, who said: 'Whar is de Dutchman's lager land?'" He mightn't be an authority in dates, but den ye see we would hab had de substance ob de matter, which is what de poet said.

Sometimes, too, you commences to tell a story or an antidote or a fack youself. But take car, my unsuffocated friend. De exact man is asteh ye wid a hundred million magnifyin' mikarscrop. You says: "I met de man on Fist Abenoo." ("It was on Sixt Abenoo, wasn't it?" says de ober-exact man.) "He was a very tall gemman." ("Why, he was jest meejum size," says de fellow.) "A finer man I neeber met." ("Whar was yer eyes?—he was a very coarse, ill-lookin' critter," puts in de mikarscrop.) "It was on de right side ob de street." ("Now, I'll swar to ye, it was on de left side.") "Good mornin' Bob," says he to me." ("Five shillin' on't dat he said, 'Hello, Bob.'")

Now, if you is a pusson ob good digistion, an' a easy conscience, an' good-natured, an' unsubtrusive, ye may grin wacantly, an' gub it up. Oderwise, de flesh bein' weak, a man feels a mighty inclination to swar. I confess, my benighted bredern, it's hard—very hard—on de best ob tempers. We isn't angels,—no—far from it,—but oftner de opposite kind ob individuals. But if dere be enything dat tends to change a angel into dat opposition party, it is de ober-exact man.

Now, I'll tell ye a tale ob a ober-exact man, an' I

retreat ye to fix yer eyes on de morul. It will sabre ye from eber becomin' sich a style ob bore noosance. Once dere was a ole gemman who was ober-exact in all tings, but 'specially in de matter ob stuffed birds. Seberal poor bird-stuffers had gone into de absolvent court, because dat ole gemman was allers a-findin' fault wid deir work, so much so dat no one would buy 'em. But one day dere comes along a very good bird-stuffer an' hangs out his shingle to de four windses. Along comes one ob de poor absobents, an' he says:

"Mistah, ye may as well shut up shop. Ise tried it, an' half a dozen ob my friends hab tried it, an' it's no use."

"How's dat?" asks de stranger.

"Well, ye see," says de absolvent, wipin' his eyes wid de ear ob his ole fur cap, "dere is a ole gemman who is allers a fidin' fault wid stuffed birds, an' he keeps de public from investin' in 'em."

"Nebbah you mind," says de stranger; "let him come. I'll fix him."

So one day, when de shop was full ob spectators, in walks de ole gemman wid his fierce look an' his gold spectacles and his ivory-headed cane.

De people had been admirin' de birds, but when dey saw dat ole gemman dey grew as silent as a coon when de dogs tree him.

Dere was among de birds a big owl dat eberybody said was very natural.

"Natural!" growls de ole gemman, growin' as red in de face as a turkey-cock. "Natural! why, it's de most onnatural ting I eber see! He's wretchedly stuffed,—his fedders is all wrong,—he's a contemplative object! Now, I ask eny gemman or lady present if dey eber saw a owl wid his head stuck under his wing in dat shape?"

De ole gemman here touched de owl, when, behold! he roared wid pain, for dat owl was alibe, my bredern, and dat owl shrieked "Quaw!" my bredern, an' dat owl snapped at de ole gemman's finger, an' bit it, my bredern. An' dat ole gemman kept his opinion ob stuffed birds to hisself afterwards, I kin tell ye.

Take care, my unfortunit friends, not to be ober-exact. Ye makes yoself disagreeable to ebery sensible pusson, an' eberybody larfs when ye gits yer fingabs bit. Little matters ob everyday conversation is not so mighty impo'tant dat ye should be allers a floppin' down on slight mistakes just like a turkey-buzzid on a defuncted hoss. Dis is de Moral dat I want ye to keep yer eyes on. Ye will tank me for de advice, I trust, at de rate ob ten cents a head, which Miss Sally Mouser will now recede to collect.

My native land-tillers, good-night!

Steamboats in the Olden Time.

Few travellers between Philadelphia and New York at the present time take much pains to compare the facilities of to-day with those of sixty years ago. Previous to the practical application of steam, communication was kept up between Philadelphia and New York by post chaises and coach. Passengers at that time were conveyed to Cooper's Point in small boats and then in coaches to Amboy, or else in coaches to New York, via Trenton, Princeton and New Brunswick. The following is one of the cards of that time: "New Post Chaise and Pilot Office. The post chaise will leave Philadelphia every morning, at five o'clock, and arrive in New York the same evening at six o'clock. Fare \$8. Second Line—The mail coach Pilot will leave Philadelphia every afternoon at 2½ o'clock, run through, and arrive in New York the next morning. The public are informed that in this line no detention will be met with on the road, as it carries no mail. Fare \$10."

In the year 1812, a large steamboat, named the Phoenix, commanded by Capt. Degraw, was placed

on the river for the purpose of carrying the New York passengers. She ran from Philadelphia to Bordentown, and the passage thence occupied three hours when running with the tide, and five hours against it. The boat had no wheel-house, and presented a very singular appearance. Sometimes when in motion the water would be thrown as high as her smoke-stack. She was sent around from Hoboken by the elder John Stevens, and Robert L. Stevens was her temporary engineer. She belonged to what was then called the "Swift-shore Line," and attracted much interest. Her hour of departure was announced by the blowing of a long tin horn, and hundreds of persons would crowd the wharves to see her embark on her voyage. Passengers on this boat were landed in New York some time during the following night, if no accident occurred.

After the Phoenix, the next steamboat that ran up the river was named the Philadelphia. It was put on by the "Union Line," and was commanded by Capt. Jenkins. She ran from Philadelphia to Bristol, and afterwards established a wharf about three miles above, called "Van Harts." Passengers thence took stages for New Brunswick, and to New York in the William Gibbons. For some reason this boat always went by the name of "Old Sal," probably from a grotesque-looking female figure-head on her bow.

The next steamboat was the Pennsylvanian, and carried passengers for the "Citizens' Line." The engine of this boat was subsequently placed in the old Lehigh. Passengers by this line landed at Bordentown, and thence took coaches to Washington, N. J., where they were conveyed to New York on the steamer *Etna*, Capt. Robinson. The *Etna* exploded her boiler in New York harbor in May, 1842, having on board the Philadelphia passengers, and several lives were lost. Her place was supplied by one named the New York.

The Union Line then built the New Philadelphia, to compete with the New York, of the Citizens' Line, and then the Trenton came out to run against the Pennsylvania, of the Citizens' Line. This line then built a new boat and named it the Philadelphia, to beat the Trenton. There was a wonderful competition among these lines for several years, when Capt. Whillden and Cornelius Vandergrift started an opposition to them all. This was called the Dispatch Line, and the fare at one time was reduced to one dollar. The boat on this end was named the Emerald. The Dispatch Line was soon disposed of, and the Union and the Citizens', with some of the others, afterwards became merged in the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company. The next boat was the John Stevens, built at Hoboken, in 1846, and destroyed by fire at Bordentown, on the night of the 16th of July, 1855. The next was the Richard Stockton, now running between South Amboy and New York. The boats now running up the river are well known.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

CHARLES LAMB, sitting down once to play whist with Elliston, whose hands were very dirty, said, after looking at them for some time, "Well Elliston, if dirt were trumps what a hand you would have!"

THE town of Lagrange is taxed \$10,000 for school purposes. The school consists of a rather queer-looking teacher and three pupils. The white people of Columbus, Colorado county, have to pay \$30,000 school tax, but have no school for their children.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have, to be good for anything.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
Published every Week during Term Time, at
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editors SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:

One year..... \$2.00
 Single copies (10c) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

Hazing.

A Washington telegram says the names of the five cadet midshipmen, recently dismissed from the Naval Academy for "hazing," will not be officially promulgated, as the dismissal itself is considered sufficient punishment. Numerous letters have been received asking for their reinstatement. A young gentleman of this city, one of the unfortunates, is now suffering on a bed of sickness from the effects of being held an hour under a pump, and was thrown into a river besides, by these ex-cadet midshipmen.

We clip the above from an exchange, as an introduction to a few remarks we have withheld for some time.

The barbarous custom of hazing has never been an "institution" in Catholic Colleges. The infliction of pain upon new comers—treating them as if they had fallen among the savagest set of Indians—is so opposed not only to every thing Christian, but to every thing refined and gentlemanly, considered without reference to any higher rule than the amenities of civilized life, that hazing has never been an acknowledged and time-honored custom in Catholic Colleges. We are rejoiced to see that not only the Naval Academy, but other places, in which hazing has been practised, have taken measures to put a stop to this savage use of might over right.

In connection with this it comes natural to speak of a kindred subject. Although hazing is not the spirit of Catholic Colleges, though the great majority receive new comers in a friendly manner, and limit themselves to quizzing any little eccentricity of character manifested by a late arrival, or in bringing him down a "peg or two" if he "puts on too much style," yet it must not be supposed that at all times all the students are of the class of real gentleman. The authorities of a College cannot know the character of all young men who apply for admittance and it happens that young men, frequently with a specious exterior, are admitted, who, sooner or later, prove themselves to be by nature and previous education of the class of "roughs." Such young men show their true colors by neglect of class duties, by insubordination, by grumbling and complaining of rules that are conducive to the happiness of the whole College, though, like all general rules, they may prove a little irksome at times to individuals. Their vulgarity and other qualities of the species "rough" crop out in a thousand different ways,—in their boorish and impolite behavior to their professors, and in their tyrannical treatment of those of their fellow-students whom they imagine they can maltreat with impunity. Add to this their boasting of deeds which, likely, they have never done, except in imagination, deeds which honorable young men would be ashamed to do, and would consider themselves insulted were such actions attributed to them, and you have the "rough" pretending to be a student; the ass in the lion's skin.

Such cases, it is true, are rare and, unless the vulgarity of the subject is ingrained, dyed in the wool, the discipline of the College and inter-

course with students of culture usually soften down the "rough," and give him both the manners and sentiments of a gentleman.

In case, however, he be incorrigible, then the extreme measure of dismissal is resorted to. Thus hazing and ungentlemanly manners are prevented from becoming fixed institutions in our Colleges.

WE know not whether the editors of *The Vindicator and Star of Bethlehem* have a "young man" to cull trifling matter from outside barbarian papers wherewith to fill up the corners of their columns which are not completely taken up with their own serious editorials. We have seen that some editors in the East have such a "young man," on whom they can fall back and whom they can bring to his knees, when he does not give credit for those insignificant articles which the editors deign to admit into the columns of their paper merely as "filling up," and because if the parts of columns were left in blank they would resemble the pantaloons of little boys who have outgrown their breeches.

We presume that such a "young man" has found his way West, and as we do not wish to bring him to grief, we pass over in silence two instances in which credit was not given for such trifling pieces as a poem by the lamented Clonfert, and a story by the late Rev. James B. Donegan. We have heard of another paper the spare columns of which the "young man" fills with trifling articles of Dr. Brownson, without crediting the paper for which they were written.

THE Music was good on All Saints.

THE Exhibition came off Saturday night.

REV. A. LEMONNIER has returned, much improved in health.

PROFESSORS REGNIERS and DELOULME are certainly indefatigable in their efforts to bring out the musical talents of their pupils.

STUDENTS continue to arrive daily, especially from Chicago. There are now some fifteen more students than last year present at this date at Notre Dame.

EUGENE WATSON, of Detroit, a former student of Notre Dame, was killed a few days ago near Union, Michigan, by falling from a freight-car while the train was in motion.

SHOOTING at wild ducks and Surveying take up the recreation hours of some of the students. The wild ducks are pretty well, thank you; and the others are monarchs of all they have surveyed.

By all means let us have some music, hymns or canticles Wednesday mornings at Mass. It stirs up piety, and will always serve a good purpose by elevating the hearts of those inclined to dullness.

THE next Exhibition will be given by the Saint Cecilians in honor of St. Cecilia, their Patron Saint. The day has not been determined upon. It will likely be, by special transfer, postponed to the first part of December.

WE ought to have soon a Public Debate from the Senior Literary Societies. They have abundance of talent and no lack of spirit. Let them come bravely forward, as they did last year, and give us a specimen of their oratorical abilities.

THE Vocal Class, which is progressing fairly and retaining its popularity, numbers fifteen regular students, and some additional volunteers. Prof. Regniers is evidently an able trainer as well as a man of good musical taste. We expect to have often the pleasure of hearing the Vocal Class, or rather the Philharmonics, as they have called themselves.

HONORABLE mention of students who acquit themselves creditably in their classes will be made forthrightly in future. The mentions in the regular course will appear one week, and those in the extra branches, such as languages, music, drawing, etc., will appear the following week.

ONE more "miserable" is he who runs off to town to loaf an hour or more, comes home late, gets his thousand lines, brags in the yard like a prize-fighter, sticks fast to the big end of his primary class, and gains twenty-five pounds in one month.

Victor Hugo would make capital of such a subject.

INSTEAD of the system used formerly in the making out of the Honorable Mentions, by which all the classes published a certain number of names, it has been thought more consistent and just to mention honorably such students only as will have the approbation of all their teachers. Therefore, a student will not be honorably mentioned if he has one single objection to his name. It will be also perceived that the mentions are made in the year of the course.

THE Certificates for Good Conduct and Improvement in class will no longer be issued, as the Honorable Mentions and Tables of Honor are deemed sufficient compensation for the same. By granting fewer rewards, the Faculty does not intend to deprive anyone of his just due, but simply to cut off what is superfluous and give more importance and value to the weekly reports. In connection with these reports it is not amiss to say that the SCHOLASTIC being the official paper of the House, it behoves the parents or guardians of our students to become subscribers to it.

THE Mass of figured plain chant, attempted for the first time last Sunday, was not a bad success, if, especially, we consider the great difficulties that were encountered. Figured plain chant is difficult, as every one knows who is conversant with it: it is rather fatiguing on account of the continuous strain on voice which it requires, and the close attention to time which it imposes on the singers. Prof. Deloulme deserves much credit for the present training of the choir. The simple Mass of last Sunday, sung alternately by four sopranos and the whole force of the choir, was rendered with good effect. The clear, ringing notes of the soprano were in fine contrast with the heavy (perhaps not very clear) tones of the outstanding singers.

REV. FATHER MARINI, S.S.C., Superior and founder of the Agricultural School of La Faye, near Limoges, in France, arrived last week at Notre Dame, with four religious of his house. The Rev. Father is an eminent agriculturist, often employed by the French government, and just returning from the province of Constantine, in Algeria, where he had been sent by Very Rev. Father General to attend to some important business of the Congregation in that part of the world. Father Marini has already made a survey of the lands owned by Notre Dame in St. Joseph county, and, if we are well informed, the Rev. gentleman is preparing notes for some future number of the SCHOLASTIC, which will prove interesting to the friends of Agriculture.

THERE are actually the following classes taught in the different courses: 4 Greek, 8 Latin, 1 Modern History, 1 United States History, 1 English Literature, 2 Rhetoric, 1 Trigonometry, (Astronomy, Analytical Geometry, Calculus, and Surveying are taught the second session) 2 Geometry, 3 Algebra, 1 Botany, 1 Natural History, 1 Physiology, 1 Mineralogy, 1 Geology, 1 Natural Philosophy, 1 Chemistry, 8 Grammar, 3 Book-keeping and Commercial Law, 9 Arithmetic, 4 Reading, 6 Orthography, 2 Geography, 3 Penmanship, 4 Chris-

tian Doctrine, 3 Drawing, 2 Vocal Music, 2 Dancing, 2 French, 7 German Classes. The Minim Department is not included in the above. Besides the above classes, five teachers are constantly employed the whole day in the Music Department giving lessons to 56 Piano, 28 Violin, 1 Clarinet, 7 Guitar, 4 Flute, 22 Brass Instruments.

DURING the last exhibition the scenery of the proscenium was damaged by some foolish lads who were admitted on the stage for the first time. Finding it uncomfortable to be thrown away from sight, they betook themselves to enjoy the looks of things outside the curtain, and perforated the sides of the proscenium. If it were only malice there might be some remedy to the evil in future; but, as we are afraid, it is rather stupidity that prompted the deed, we see no chance of warding off such vandalism except in the vigilance of the regular members of the societies performing in the exhibition. Quite a number of scenes have been defaced by persons writing their names upon them. The proverb, "Nomina stultorum semper parietibus insunt," applies decidedly well to most of the names disgracing the scenery. If it is their principal claim to immortality, we can easily judge how fragile and vain are the hopes of men. However, we intend to give to a number of these names the benefit of a free publication very soon.

Additional Entrances for 1871-72.

Joseph A. Garrity	Chicago, Illinois.
John C. Nevin,	Bloomington, Ill.
J. W. McAlister,	Nashville, Tenn.
Charles Walsh,	Chicago, Illinois.
Peter J. Gall,	Guthrie, Kentucky.
Harry Edgell,	Chicago, Illinois.
C. P. Thomas,	Toledo, Ohio.
William Muller,	Chicago, Illinois.
William Easton,	Dowagiac, Michigan.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEP'T.

November 3.—E. J. Sweeney, V. Baca, J. B. Comer, T. A. Phillips, H. Waldorf, T. Kelly, P. Fitzpatrick, J. B. Zimmer, H. F. Clarke, T. J. Murphy.

JUNIOR DEP'T.

November 3.—M. M. Foote, E. Milburn, D. O'Connell, J. Caren, M. Mahoney, H. Hunt, B. Luhn, F. Egan, W. Quinalan, W. Meyer, F. Ready.

D. A. C., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

November 5.—A. Morton, E. Raymond, S. McMahon, E. Dasher, W. Dee.

Honorable Mentions.

GERMAN.

P. Cooney, J. Luebke, A. Kleine, H. Heckert, B. F. Fischer, F. Devoto, J. Devine, A. Schmidt, H. Hoffman, H. Beckman, H. Hunt, H. D. Faxon, J. E. Carr, J. Bracken, F. Anderson, F. Huck, J. Kilcoin, F. Arantz, E. Olwill, E. Plummer, C. St. Clair, J. Kaufman, J. Walsh, F. P. Leffingwell, H. Waldorf, J. Rourke, J. McGahan, J. Bowen, H. Schulte, H. Schnelker, D. Maloney, C. Karst, J. Karst, J. B. Comer, E. J. Graves, C. Hodgson, J. Brown, E. J. Nugent, C. Harvey, M. S. Kelly, E. DeGroot, E. Mulhany, W. Kinzie, J. Pumphrey.

FRENCH.

T. O'Mahony, T. Badeaux.

The monthly compositions in the penmanship classes show a marked improvement over the previous ones. We are glad to see these classes

doing so well. The best specimens were presented by the following students:

S. Marks, W. Bill, J. Hogan, M. Kelly, W. Fletcher, L. Munn, E. Shea, E. Roberts, J. McGianis, J. Caren, E. Mulhenny, J. Dunne, S. Ascher, S. Ashton, W. Kelly, F. Egan, F. McOske, J. Darmody, F. Baer, D. Gahan, E. Sweeney, G. Wirthlin, C. Gamache, T. Murphy, T. Renshaw, L. Roth, V. Baca, W. Fiedeldy, C. Burdsher, J. Bowan, J. McFarland, J. Stinson, C. Hughes, M. Baily, F. Whitney, T. Handard, T. Kelly, H. Delner, J. Werner, T. Phillips, C. Harvey, C. Proctor, T. Fitzpatrick, J. Zimmer, D. Maloney, E. Nugent, E. Barry, H. Schnelker, E. Graves, J. Smarr, G. Riopelle, O. Waterman, D. O'Connell, A. Dickerlof, F. Sage, V. McKinnon, E. Edwards, R. Kelly, J. Pumphrey, E. Newton, F. Arantz, E. Shechan, R. Lange, L. McOske, W. Breen, M. Weldon, D. Glickhauf, J. Marks, H. Hunt, F. Miller, J. Quill, F. Devoto, W. Quinalan, S. Rust, H. Heckert, J. McMahon, E. Milburn, O. Tong, P. Hennessy, J. Carr, T. Nelson, J. Kilcoin, E. Otenville, H. Schulte, G. Crumme, M. McCormack, W. Meyer, B. Roberts, L. Hibben, W. Gross, J. Kaufmann, J. Wuest, A. Beckmann, J. Bracken, J. Darr, T. O'Neill, H. Long, C. Hodgson, J. Karst, W. Moran, J. M. Brown, R. Dooley.

Piano.—J. McHugh, G. Darr, W. Breen, J. Bowen, W. Ball, C. Hutchings, F. Ready, D. O'Connell, M. Weldon, T. Kelly.

Violin.—J. Kaufman, W. Quinalan, R. Lange, J. Carr, F. Miller, J. Wuest, B. Roberts, A. Klein, T. Ireland, J. Staley, J. Noonan.

Piccolo.—W. Olheen.

Vocal Class.—W. Emonds, D. O'Connell, A. Filson, G. Riopelle, C. Gamache, J. McGlynn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Orthography (1st class).—E. DeGroot, A. L. McIntosh, M. Farnbaker, H. Faxon, E. Raymond.

Second Class—T. Nelson, A. Morton, E. McMahon, C. Elison, F. Huck, J. Porter, C. Faxon, W. Dee, S. McMahon, C. Beck, C. Walsh, J. O'Meara.

Third Class—E. Cleary.

The Exhibition.

NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

Editors of SCHOLASTIC:—Owing to the sad calamity that befel the fair city of Chicago, in which misfortune many of the Students of the University of Notre Dame were more or less involved, the customary *fête*, usually given on the 13th of October, in honor of the Founder, Friend and revered Protector of the University, Very Rev. Father General, was, this year, at his desire postponed. No sooner, however, did the magical city begin to rise *Phœnix*-like from the almost burning ashes, than all gloom was dispelled from the hearts of the Students, and they resolved to give freedom to their hitherto restrained spirit of "fun," of which article they seemed so replete that there were well-grounded fears on the part of their guardians for, and imminent was the danger to, suspenders, buttons, *indicendi et cetera*, had not a safety-valve been found in the panacea for all frolicsome ebullitions—an evening entertainment. Accordingly, a grand Exhibition was given at the Hall on the evening of the 4th, under the auspices and by the talent and genius of the renowned Thespians and Philharmonics. Repaired we thither at the designated hour, and found the Hall filled with an eager, expectant audience, composed of the Members of the Faculty, Students of all the departments of the University, artisans and *attachés* of sundry handicrafts, and a goodly number of friends from South Bend and surroundings. Now, Messrs. Editors, being personally given to the cultivation of a soil substantially different from

the *tragōdias* and *bustus*, we lay no claim whatever to critical acumen in the aforesaid art and science of Euterpe and Melpomene, and therefore our communication is by no means a criticism either on the *dramatis personæ* or the drama itself, for, not being gifted with a *talent* for prying into other people's business, and not having been admitted behind the scenes, we might leave ourselves liable to decry that which, in the judgment of professionals, was the very acme of perfection, and to praise and laud that which may have been but indifferently, nay, shockingly, performed; and, moreover, we would expose ourselves to the charge of being deficient in refinement and a want of an appreciative mind for the good, beautiful, and sublime. A charge, however, which should not be made against an *incognito*—for though the exterior may not be inviting, yet beneath the surface may lay some shining pearls of untold value, whose character and worth may not have, as yet, been unfolded to vulgar gaze.

All these motives presenting themselves to our philosophic mind, have, therefore, determined us to narrate the simple, uncriticised facts, leaving to others to draw their respective conclusions on the merits of the entertainment and the active participants thereto.

The exercises began by the N. D. U. Cornet Band, favoring the audience with a well-performed march. We, in our humility, say *well*, from the fact that an itinerant phonologist, once upon a time, back in the long vista of ages, or years, at least, told us that we individually had no faculty for music, and we know that we have no ears, figuratively speaking, for the commodity aforesaid; we do not, however, wish to be understood as saying that we have no ears, for *quite* the contrary is the fact, and yet we are not a jackass!—Our judgment, then, would lead us to say that the N. D. U. C. B. performed very creditably at *different* intervals during the evening; allowing that this was their first public appearance, and we noticed—no, *noticiduo*, were told that several of the members were only beginners in learning the mysteries involved in the antics of *Aeolus* when forced against his will, through meandering and curiously-wrought pipes, at an unusual and decidedly accelerated rate of speed.

We were next regaled with some choice music from, and fine performing by the Orchestra, for which it deserved and gained the appreciation of the audience. We will here make a little digression for the purpose following. Upon looking into the economy of God in relation to His creatures, one immediately discerns and admires the variety of gifts and faculties with which He has endowed them; and at the same time one notices that some things are common, of which all partake in a greater or less degree, whilst others are personal, individual endowments only, thereby disclosing a beautiful harmony, but without exhibiting a wonderous unity of the whole, thus teaching man that he is not only dependent on God for what he individually possesses, but also upon his fellow for the *benefits* which flow from the right use of the faculties which his fellow individually possesses, but which he himself has not, and thus a mutual dependence is established, in order, on the one hand, to check the arrogance of man which would lead him, through pride, to lord it over his fellows if he individually possessed all the faculties and gifts of which man, as such, is capable, and on the other, to remove despondency in having given him some one gift which He has not given to all and each indiscriminately. For instance, He may give one a linguistic talent, to another a musical one. But He does not therefore concede the right to him of the linguistic persuasion to be particularly boisterous on the occasions when he of the musical wishes to feast his soul on that which delights him; nor on the other hand is it commanded him who worships at the

shrines of Æolus and Polyhymnia to be so particularly punctual in offering his devotions that no other time is so acceptable to *himself* as when other mortals wish to seek a little needed repose from arduous labors. A little mutual forbearance in this and kindred matters would meet with astonishing success. Among the common talents given, however, and pre-eminently easily obtained, conspicuously stand good manners and politeness, of which *all* can possess *some*, and one of the *fruits* of good manners is not to annoy our neighbor in the enjoyment of that which pleases him, and if we cannot through constitutional, natural deficiency or choice, partake of his enjoyment, we can, at least, not disturb him in his pleasure. Those interested, please take notice. We have been led into these philosophic reflections from the conduct of a portion of the audience on the present occasion, which conduct, at times, was decidedly at direct variance with the music, and at more than one time bid fair to gain the day. In the solemn anguish of our deeply-moved souls, whilst admiring the genuine pluck of the respective Orchesters not to be outdone in the fearful contest, we instinctively reverted to the wise reflections of one America's many gifted sons, and asked our humble selves, "Why is this thus?" End of digression.

The rendition of some poetry, entitled, "Chicago, October 8, 1871," by Mr. T. O'Mahony was quite creditable both in execution and manner; but the man that wrote it nearly forgot to put an appendage to it,—it was long.*

Next, Master Mark Foote came bouncing upon the board, but scarcely had he begun to rivet the attention of his eager audience, than something behind the scenes attracted his attention, and upon his going back to ascertain the cause of the unusual commotion, some officious hand let the *curtain drop*, and Master Mark could not be prevailed upon to show his *foot* again, though it is said he made his *mark* on many another occasion.

Now comes the singing. The Philharmonics did well. R. Staley sang a solo very well; also G. Riopelle sang one in equally as good a manner. Master A. W. Filson sang a solo in a very appreciative manner, and thereby gained the honorable distinction from the delighted audience of being *encored*. A trio—a thanksgiving hymn—by Prof. Regniers, G. Riopelle and R. Staley, met with a fair approval, but it was somewhat like the aforesaid poetry, it had a great deal of *outcome*.

Three charming little Minims next appeared upon the stage, headed by the redoubtable Master E. DeGroot, who, in a very pleasing and manly tone, read an interesting paper expressive of the sentiments of the little fellows as a body on the losses which they individually and collectively sustained from the great conflagration in Chicago.

The next that engaged our wandering attention was a Comedy, by the Thespians, entitled the "Conjurer," of which the *dramatis personæ* were:

Lord Truman, Thomas O'Mahony; Sir George Truman, George W. Darr; Abigail, Marcus J. Moriarty; Sir Vellum, John M. Rourke; Tinsel, Thomas L. Watson; Fantome, Joseph B. Zimmer; Butler, William H. Smith; Coachman, Thomas A. Ireland; Gardener, Philip Cochrane.

Now, Messrs. Editors, a truly wise man does not disdain to profit by experience, whether the empirical efforts be his own or that of others; *ergo*, we have a decided repugnance to being led into a trap by making invidious distinctions, and, therefore, to avoid it we will abstain from selecting some for a target at which to discharge *critical* balls, but will remark, *en passant*, that all filled their respective parts creditably, and yet all or nearly all might improve considerably; at least, there is nothing, we learn, in the science and art of the stage that prevents a perceptible advance in that direction.

* [We would be delighted to have any number of long poems written in the masterly style of Mariaphilos.—ED.]

We particularly admired the *naïve* "jocularity" of Sir Vellum, and the *dexterity* and *gentleness* of the Gardener in removing the prostrate form of the aged "Lord Truman." We have since learned that the last-named has expressed his decided conviction that the material of which the stage is composed is not at all elastic, and scouts the idea of skepticism as to external phenomena being only *apparent*. Indeed he finds it even yet unqualifiedly unpleasant to assume that posture which mortals are wont when *sedent*. Sir George, to be in exact keeping with the character assumed, might improve somewhat, perhaps, in intonation of voice and gracefulness of movement, though some parts were quite well sustained. Abigail did well; she *scares* and *trembles* grandly. Tinsel needs to improve his risible faculty; and though his movements were not *sharp*, yet they were somewhat *angular*. His costume was not such as he should have had; he needs, perhaps, more assuming qualities; he is too natural to himself, and thus the *persona propria* is too easily detected; yet he did quite creditably. When Fantome personates a ghost he should be *ghostly*, and dress like a genteel ghost coming from the home of white spirits, not red; the red ones have unpleasant associations, strongly reminding one of *brimstone*. The Butler and Coachman, not being *official attachés* of Lord Truman's parlor, did not, in consequence thereof, figure very extensively therein; the most they had to do was on one occasion to procure ink and paper for the promising scion of the Truman family, and at divers other times assist the good-natured, *honest* Gardener in partaking of the good though contraband cheer of the hospitable mansion, in which latter exercise they behaved handsomely.

At the conclusion of the comedy the Very Rev. Father Provincial, being called for, made a few pointed, well-directed remarks expressive of the appreciation of both himself and of the audience (*subintelligitur*) for the evening's entertainment which they, in common with him, had witnessed, and thus the delight which he, in common with all the others, experienced during the evening was proclaimed, *quod hisce presentibus notum sit omnibus*, all seemed satisfied, delighted and gracefully withdrew.

Now, Messrs. Editors, not having taken any notes, we have been compelled to compile this ponderous communication and digest these ideas from their crude shape from memory, in consequence, whereof, there may be many discrepancies and deficiencies in this imperfect sketch, for which, *in toto*, we crave indulgence and pardon.

Entre nous when this thing is to be repeated we venture a little suggestion: it is only reasonable to suppose that the entertainment would have been rather discouraging, to say the least, without an audience; at the same time, the audience would not have enjoyed themselves to any remarkable degree in the absence of actors. Owing, then, to the *somewhat* mutual dependence existing naturally between the two parties, we suggest that the indulgence, so graciously accorded on such occasions, be made equally applicable to both parties,—the living and the dead,—for we noticed, to our grief, that whilst we were compelled to rise the next morning at the *accustomed* hour from our reluctant tenacious couch, *others* slumbered; and we, in our beautiful simplicity, urge our unique suggestion upon your notice from the fact that this entertaining business encroaches considerably upon the domain *legally* assigned to Mr. Morpheus, but, in consequence of this trespass, it, like every other sin, must be punished, (*vide Theologos passim*) and Mr. Morpheus becomes his own avenger and raises an "*unpleasantness*" with Mistress Aurora, which is not at all agreeable, and he seems to have the sulks all the next day, and diverts himself in stealing up unawares and carrying one off to the abode of Mr. Nod. Now, this thing should cease and we

venture to assert that it would, if our suggestion were acted upon, and allow Mr. Morpheus his *usual length* of sway. This could be done by a statute being legally framed and provided to meet the emergency, or, as a desperate alternative, shut up in close confinement the man that rings the bell! We sometimes think that some people must have bad consciences, judging from their unaccountable restlessness in the morning.

OBADIAH.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

MESSRS EDITORS:—I acknowledge with many thanks the compliment paid me in noticing my visit to Wisconsin in search of health; however, I should be much more pleased had you mentioned the Bethesda Mineral Springs of Waukesha, as the source of my hope to regain my health. Of course, you could not be expected to know, at the time of publication, that I had been so much benefited by these renowned waters, but such is the fact. I sincerely believe they have saved my life, and I already feel justified in hoping that they will restore me to a more vigorous health than I have enjoyed for several years past.

It is a sense of gratitude for the benefits already experienced and the hopes inspired of future restoration to good health, that causes me to write at this time, trusting that you will give place to my little note and thus aid in making known the heaven-blessed treasure which awaits the invalid at these wonderful Springs. I for one feel a sort of personal interest in the reputation of these waters, knowing, both from personal experience and from observation that they accomplish even more than is claimed for them by the proprietor, while a feeling of common humanity impels me to do all in my power to bring the Bethesda Springs to the notice of sufferers.

Hoping, Messrs Editors, that I do not trespass too much upon your good nature, in asking place in your columns for the preceding note, I am

Yours sincerely,

M. B. BROWN.

St. Aloysius' Philodemian Association.

This Society held its fifth weekly meeting for the scholastic year of 1871-2, on Tuesday, November 7th, the exercise of the evening consisting of a debate. Subject:

Resolved, That intemperance is more baneful than war.

The debate was opened by M. Carr, who, in a lengthy and systematic address, depicted the evil consequences of intemperance, showing that war was often useful, and even necessary for the existence of society,—intemperance never.

D. Maloney, the first speaker on the negative, pleaded a lack of time for preparation, and was excused. C. Gamache read an elaborate description of the utility of war and the abomination of intemperance. He was followed by E. Graves, who seemed to consider the question in a spiritual point of view only, arguing that the evil effects of intemperance upon the soul of man were incomparably inferior to those of war.

The debate was closed by M. Carr. The President, after summing up the argument, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

The Association returned a vote of thanks to T. E. Howard, A.M., for a donation made to their library.

T. A. Ireland was unanimously elected a member of the Association.

The remarks of the critic, P. White, terminated the business of the evening.

P. J. O'CONNELL, Cor. Sec.

[Translated from the German.]

The Death of Abel.

PART II.

[CONTINUED.]

"The morning sun was already absorbing the glittering dew of the region, and a few curious birds were singing on the trees when our eyes opened; for the earth had as yet no animals but such as had escaped from paradise, after the curse. Then we stepped before the cave and prayed, after which I said to Eve:

'Let us walk on and take a view of the country and select such a place for our habitation which is more fertile and possesses more variety of food and beauty. Do you see yonder river meandering through the valley? that hill yonder appears to form a grassy surface, full of trees, and rich herbs!'

"'I shall follow!' said Eve, 'whithersoever you lead me;' she seized my hand and thus we continued our way to the hill. Then by the wayside Eve saw a bird with sad cries anxiously flying about in small circles and finally settling down faint with ruffled plumage upon a low bush. She approached the spot, and in the grass, at the feet of the sorrowing bird she found another one lifeless. Stooping over it, she meditated for a long time, then picked it up and wished to awaken it. 'It will not awaken,' said she, and with trembling hands laid it again in the grass. 'It will never awaken.'

Now she began to cry. Thou who art thus mourning, she spoke to the other bird, ah! perhaps it was thy mate, thou innocent one; I am the one who brought the curse and such misery upon the earth. She wept aloud, and turned to me: "What kind of an evil is this? a terrible evil! every member incapable of sensation, and, faint, refuses its services; how shall I call it? death! . . . dissolution! oh, I shudder in all my limbs! if this be death, and if the death threatened to us is thus, oh how terrible! and if it should thus separate me from you, and you . . . oh Adam! I tremble! . . . I can say no more! she full of sorrowing grief wept loudly, her head inclined to the earth.

"I embraced her, and said:

'Do not add cares to your grief! let us have firm confidence in Him who governs the whole creation with infinite wisdom, and if He envelops Himself in darkness, and is seated high up in His judgment-seat, He still calls grace and love to His side. Whatever He decrees in our regard is infinitely wise and good; therefore, let us wander with strong confidence in His guidance, and praise Him with a holy reverential awe.'

"Now we continued our march towards the hill, and passed by the fruitful bushes that cover its foot. On its top stood a cedar, lifting its head high above the surrounding fruit-trees, and spreading its inviting shade far and wide. Near it among the flowers, gushed forth a spring. An immeasurable region was exposed to full view, losing itself in the misty air. 'This is but a shadow of paradise; a comfortable dwelling-place shall we find here, but no paradise; take us under thy protecting shade thou lofty cedar! and ye, ye numerous trees, I shall not ungratefully pluck your fruit, they shall be to me the reward of my unceasing care. Almighty! from Thy lofty throne above, look Thou mercifully upon this our habitation, and listen to our suppliant prayers and our ardent thanks which daily—yea hourly, shall rise to Thee from beneath the shade of this far spreading cedar. For here, in the sweat of our brow shall we eat our food; from here shall our children and grandchildren migrate over the earth, and under these trees shall approaching death one day find us. Look down, oh Lord! with compassion on the dwelling of a sinner.'

"Thus I spoke, Eve also prayed at my side, looking up reverentially, with eyes be-dimmed with tears.

"I then commenced to build a hut under the shade

of the cedar. I drove a circle of stakes into the earth and interwove them with slender reeds. Eve in the meantime, conducted the spring through the flowers, or fastened wild brush to the stakes, or raised helpless drooping flowers, or gathered the ripe fruit; and thus, for the first time, we ate our food in the sweat of our brow. When I went to the river to gather reeds for the roof of our hut, I espied five sheep, white as the noon-clouds, and a young ram in the midst, grazing on the banks. Noiselessly I approached to see if they would fly away from me like the tiger and the lion, which formerly played at my feet; but they did not run, and I drove them before me with a reed towards the hill into the high grass, where Eve, busy building an arbor from the overhanging bushes, did not perceive them, until their bleating attracted her attention. She looked around, quickly let the bushes fly out of her hand, and for a moment timidly stood still and then exclaimed:

"Oh! they are quiet and friendly as in paradise! thrice welcome! you shall remain with us, pleasant company! you shall remain with us; here we have tall grass and fragrant herbs, and a clear sparkling spring. How lovely it will be when you gambol around us in the grass while we attend to the trees and shrubs!" Thus she spoke and stroked their fleecy backs.

"The hut was now built and Eve and I sat before its entrance in the shade; wondering we sat, when Eve broke the silence:

"How beautiful is this country! this hill likewise is adorned with various plants, we can also select from the many plants of the surrounding country, and transplant them here on this hill; then it will resemble paradise as much as paradise an imitative shadow resembles heaven, as the visiting angels often used to tell us. Oh, how beautiful was that blessed region! there all nature abundantly poured forth its mildest influence, there, everything grew up more beautifully in overflowing superabundance; innumerable flowers in variegated quantities, blossoms and fruits mingled upon the shrubbery and bushes, all kinds of trees spread out their shades; an endless medley, everything more splendid, everything more lovely. Of all this, we see the least around us; or perhaps, the cursed earth is no longer able to produce this splendor, or has divided it and scattered it sparingly over the different latitudes; and, Adam, already have I noticed how death and dissolution (for this I think must be death) reign throughout all creation; decayed, fallen fruit, withered flowers, have I seen, also young sprouts sadly robbed of the ornament of leaves and blossoms. It is true, young sprouts always shoot up beside the decayed ones, new fruits replace the fallen, and from the scattered seeds of withered flowers, others bloom. Thus, Adam, thus shall we soon wither away—in the midst of our blooming children."

"She was silent. With melancholy I commenced: 'Ah, dearest! other cares torment me; how willingly would I sacrifice the lost riches and splendor,—but this torments me,—this is my painful loss, that I am banished from that region where God was wont to walk about visible; where, in softened splendor, He tarried among the groves, whenever holy solitude celebrated his presence. Ah! there I frequently ventured, with head inclined, to speak to Him, and the Almighty kindly listened to the words of His creature, and answered him. But, alas! this right of the pure spirits we have lost. Should the purest Being mingle with sinners? wander upon an earth which has deserved His curse? It is true, He looks down upon us compassionately from His high throne above, and His mercy excels in our misery our great expectations. It also seems to me that angels come here to do His commands, but with splendor laid aside, and, invisible, quickly return from this place of dissolution; for we are unworthy of the company of a spirit that has not offended God.'

"Thus we conversed, and remained quiet, deeply meditating, looking sadly towards the earth. Of a sudden, a brightly-illuminated cloud descended from on high; its base rested at the foot of the hill—a heavenly form, with smiling countenance, stepped forth all resplendent, from the bright cloud. We rose quickly, and with heads inclined went to meet it. The angel thus addressed us:

"He, whose throne is in heaven, has heard your conversation. 'Go,' said He to me, 'and tell the mourners that no heaven incloses Me, that every part of my creation is filled with my presence; or who else causes the suns to continue their brilliancy? who, that the stars become not stationary in their course? who, that the earth produce fruits? that day and night follow each other? who sustains the beings that they live and breathe? and who sustains you, that you do not fall down and perish? I am with you,' says the Lord, 'and your most secret thought is open to me.'

"Full of holy awe I stood in the surrounding splendor, raised my dazzled eyes and said: Incomprehensible is the mercy of the Lord; He looks down upon our misery and sends angels to the sinner. Ah! I stand ashamed before thee; but allow me to communicate to thee all my gloomy apprehensions. I experience and see with holy astonishment the presence of Almighty God in the whole creation. How can the sinner ask of the purest Being to behold His countenance more closely? Will not my posterity, perhaps more depraved, become still more miserable, and recognize only dimly the idea of a most perfect Being? For, as I have fallen, can they not fall deeper still? When I can no longer testify to His goodness and mercy, then, although every worm shall testify, will not the voice of nature be too weak for them when God thus hides His countenance? Oh! this thought weighs like a mountain upon me. The heavenly one kindly deigned to answer my remarks:

"Father of the human race, He in whom everything moves and breathes throughout all creation, will not abandon thy posterity, though frequently will their sins cry to Him for vengeance, so that He will be obliged to seize His thunderbolts and manifest Himself by His judgments and cause the sinners to roll in the dust, and exclaim: 'that is God!' Yet often will He manifest Himself by His mercy. When they depart from His paths, He will call them back, for He will send them wise men, who will illumine their understanding, so that they leave the ways of vice and destruction and return again to the paths of the Lord. Often will He send prophets among them to announce to them the judgments and mercies of the Most High. Often will He converse with them through angels—often through miracles; and there will live pious persons to whom He Himself will descend from His lofty throne, until finally the great mystery of the Redemption shall be accomplished and the seed of the woman crush the serpent's head.'

"He was silent: his friendly smile emboldened me to address him once more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LORD HOUGHTON, at the Scott centenary, said of the world's great *litterateurs* that they have seldom left descendants. England has now no Shakspeare, no Milton, no Bacon, no Newton, no Pope no Byron; Italy has no Dante, no Petrarch, no Alfieri, no Ariosto; Germany has no Goethe, no Schiller, no Heine; and France has no Montaigne, no Voltaire, and no Discartes.

OLD lady enters a dentist's office in Norwich, Connecticut, and examining a set of teeth, inquires:

"Can a body eat with these things?"

"My dear madam, mastication can be performed with a facility scarcely equaled by nature herself," responded the doctor.

"Yes I know, but can a body eat with them?"

Astronomy—No. 6.**A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.****[CONTINUED.]**

The discovery of the telescope early in the seventeenth century gave a wonderful impetus to the study of astronomy. Galileo, Harriot, Huygens, Hook, Hevelius, Cassini, and Horrox, by their discoveries and writings, caused their names to be preserved and respected by all scientific men. In 1633 Mr. Horrox, a young English gentleman and amateur astronomer, discovered by calculation, that on the 24th of November, 1639, there would be a transit of Venus over the sun's disc, an event which he made known to his friend, Mr. Crabtree, and when the time arrived these two gentlemen—being the only persons on earth who were expecting such an event—saw a circular black ball pass across the sun. This was the first transit of Venus that had ever been observed by mortal eyes, and caused the name of Horrox to be celebrated throughout Europe. His early death, in 1640, put a stop to his useful and valuable labors.

It may not be improper to remark here that the next transit of Venus will take place in December, 1874, and the next after that December 6th, 1882, and not again till June 7th, 2004. Various persons are already making preparations to observe the next transit of Venus, as an event of great astronomical importance, because it affords a means of determining the parallax of the sun, and, consequently, its distance from the earth.

About the same time flourished Hevelius, burgomaster of Dantzig, who furnished an excellent observatory in his own house, where he made many observations, an account of which he published in his work entitled "*Machina Celestis*," a work now very scarce. Unfortunately his house with all its contents were accidentally burned in 1679.

Dr. Hook invented instruments with telescopic sights. He was a contemporary of Hevelius, and had a sharp dispute with him respecting the construction of their instruments. Dr. Halley, then a young man rising into fame, was sent over from England to adjust their differences. These two astronomers made many observations together, among them was one of an occultation of Jupiter and the Moon, by which they determined the diameter of the latter to be thirty degrees and thirty-three minutes.

It has been mentioned before that Huygens had discovered with his one hundred and twenty-three feet telescope one satellite as attending on Saturn. With telescopes of two hundred and three hundred feet focal length, Cassini saw five satellites of Saturn with his zones or belts, and the shadows of Jupiter's satellites passing over his body.

The length of refracting telescopes was a great inconvenience, and to remedy which, as well as the great aberration of their rays, Marsenus is said to have first started the idea of making telescopes with reflectors instead of lenses, in a letter to Descartes; and in 1663 James Gregory of Aberdeen, in Scotland, showed him how such an instrument might be constructed. In 1666 Azout applied a micrometer to a telescope to measure the diameter of the planets and other small distances in the heavens. After sometime spent in experimenting on the construction of both the above kind of telescopes, Newton discovered the great inconvenience which arises to refractors from the different refrangibility of the rays of light, and therefore, preferring the other kind, he presented, in the year 1672, to the Royal Society two reflectors with spherical speculars, as he could not then contrive the means of giving them a parabolic figure. It is proper to observe that this difficulty has since been got over effectually by Mr. Dolland of London.

About this period astronomy began to be more

generally cultivated and improved, in consequence of the establishment of several learned societies, which, by exciting a spirit of emulation and enterprise among their members, greatly contributed to the advancement of every branch of the mathematical and physical science. The chief of these were the Royal Society of London and that of the Academy of Science in Paris, both of which have rendered great service to astronomy, as well by the eminent men they have produced, as by the zeal and ardor by which the science has been promoted by them. One of the first effects produced by these establishments was the great improvement in telescopes and other instruments, which had otherwise been too much neglected for want of proper encouragement.

Towards the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries the theory of astronomy was carried to the highest degree of perfection by the immortal Newton in his "Principia," and by the astronomy of David Gregory. About this time, also, clock and watch work were greatly improved by Mr. Graham, who likewise constructed the old eight-feet mural arch at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, London, and the zenith sector of twenty-four feet radius, with which Dr. Bradley discovered the aberration of the fixed stars. The pendulum had been previously applied with great advantage to astronomical clocks, by Huygens. The reflecting telescope of Gregory and Newton was also greatly improved by Mr. Hadley, who presented a very powerful instrument of that kind to the Royal Society in 1719. The same gentleman also immortalized his name by the invention of the reflecting quadrant or sector, now called by his name, which he presented to the Society in 1731, and which is now so universally used at sea, especially when nice observations are required. It appears, however, that an instrument similar to this had been invented by Sir Isaac Newton, and a description of it given to Dr. Halley, in 1707, when he was preparing for his voyage to discover the variations of the needle. It is also asserted that Mr. Godfrey, of Philadelphia, made the same discovery and the first instrument of the kind. Mr. Dolland also brought reflecting telescopes to the greatest perfection, by means of his achromatic glasses, and the great discoveries of Mr. Herschel are owing to the amazing powers of reflectors of his own construction.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
November 8, 1871.

ARRIVALS.

Miss E. Drake,	Willow Springs, Illinois.
" A. Walsh,	Chicago, Illinois.
" M. Walsh,	Chicago, Illinois.
" J. Walsh,	Chicago, Illinois.
" L. Walsh,	Chicago, Illinois.
" H. Tompkins,	Chicago, Illinois.
" M. Gaul,	Guthrie, New York.
" N. Gaul,	Guthrie, New York.

ERRATA.—In St. Mary's report of November 1st please read "quite able" instead of "acquitable," "group" instead of "groupe," "carried on under" instead of "through," "affected" instead of "effect-ed."

Respectfully,
STYLUS.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

November 5.—Misses K. McMahon, K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, K. Brown, I. Logan, L. Duffield, N. Duffield, H. McLaughlin.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

November 1.—Misses Ada Byrne, Mary Quill, Jessie Duffield, Alice Lynch, Georgia Kelly, Frankie Lloyd, Ella Horgan, Lulu Harrison, Lizzie Wood, Marion Faxon and Laura McKinnon.

HONORABLE MENTIONS—SR. DEP'T.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwin, M. Sheridan, M. Tuberty, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, J. Hogue, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley.

First Senior Class—Misses M. Cochrane, M. Lassen, B. Crowley.

Second Senior Class—Misses M. Plamondon, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, A. Piatt, E. Rollins, L. West, J. Coffey, J. Millis, D. Green, C. Woods, N. Woods, R. Spiers.

Third Senior Class—Misses A. Lloyd, R. Nelson, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, B. Cable, S. Johnson, I. Taylor, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Armsby, N. Hogue, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, A. Robson, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, T. Donahue.

First Preparatory Class—Misses M. McIntyre, H. McMahon, A. St. Clair, G. Kellogg, A. Hamilton, M. Moon, N. Sanders, C. Creveling, N. Sullivan, C. Latta.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses M. Mooney, A. Conahan, M. Nash, F. Moore, M. Pinney, I. Washburn, N. Bower, J. Judy, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, N. Standard, F. Taylor, J. Luce, L. Eutler, M. Kelly, A. Selby, L. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses M. Roberts, B. McCarthy, K. Miller, J. Hupp, L. Pfeiffer.

First French Class—Misses M. Shirland, L. Marshall, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, R. Spiers, A. Borup, M. Quan, N. Gross, A. Clark.

Second French Class—Misses M. Cochrane, L. West, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, K. Haymond, M. Wicker.

Latin Class—Misses F. Munn, C. Davis.

First German Class—Misses A. Clark, Sr., K. Zell, K. Brown, Pfeiffer, B. Schmidt.

Second German Class—Misses M. Faxon, C. Creveling, N. Hogue, B. Cable.

Guitar—Misses A. Selby, G. Kellogg, B. Crowley.

Private Vocal Class—Misses I. Logan, L. West, M. Tuberty, M. Prince, R. Spiers, J. Millis, M. and J. Kearney, K. Brown.

HONORABLE MENTIONS—JR. DEP'T.

Second Senior Class—Misses Mary Kearney, Lizzie Niel, Nellie Gross and Annie Clarke.

Third Senior Class—Misses Minnie Quan and Carrie Davis.

First Preparatory Class—Misses Mary Walker and Bell Gaffney.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses Lulu Tinsly and Sallie Honeyman.

First Junior Class—Misses Annie Gallhardt, Flora Munn, Minnie Booth, Mary Sylvester, Nora O'Mara, Katie Fullman, Mary Carlin, Annie Burney and Maud DeLong.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.**

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend 10:28 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 2:10 p. m.
" " 12:22 p. m.	" " 11:00 a. m.
" " 9:20 a. m.	" " 2:00 p. m.
" " 12:35 a. m.	" " 5:30 p. m.

GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 4:05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 7:20 p. m.
" " 3:14 a. m.	" " 6:50 a. m.
" " 5:00 a. m.	" " 8:20 a. m.
" " 4:22 p. m.	" " 8:20 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.
CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.
C. P. LELAND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio.
JNO. DEMPSEY, Sup't Western Division, Chicago, Ill.
J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.
M. B. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend.
A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.